INGRATITUDE OF KLOOK.

HOW IT WAS DETECTED BY SCUNDA-OO, THE WITCH DOCTOR,

And How Klook, Having Robbed the Friends who Had Sheltered Rim, Was Sent to the Big Jall at Sitks for Another Crime— The Enforcement of Law in Alaska,

This is the story of the ingravitude of Klook, which led to his downfall and caused him to be evertaken by Billy Hale in the house of the friends he had deceived. Klook is an Indian, a nondescript, neither a Bear nor a Whale, neither a Fox nor an Auk, a descendant of a tribe the name of which neither he nor any one else knows. He came to Junaau years ago from somewhere up the coast, a place where the totem poles had all fallen down and been lugged away. Klook couldn't remember that he had ever had a totem. He was just an In-dian, and he worked in the big Treadwell

mine on Douglass Island.

Klook knew low to make good hoochinoo.

Also when he had worked in the mine and accumulated a little money he knew where he could buy stout contraband whiskey with it Both of these things he did. Then, having a good supply of hoschinoo and whiskey, he set out to sell them to other Indians. Now it is against the law, as laid down in Benjamin Harrison's organic act for Alaska, to sell liquor which will intoxicate to any Indian. It is even against the law to take such liquor into the Territory, but that is not a matter to be mentioned among the white men. In Juneau there are twenty-nine saloons, all flourishing. White men get drunk and shoot one another, are tried, and acquitted. But they zealously enforce the law as iar as it concerns the In-dians. The intoxication produced by a lib-eral supply of hosehinos is slow in arriving, but terrible to contemplate when it does come. The intoxication produced by Alaska whiskey is quicker, but more horrible in its effects. Any Indian who drinks hoochings may get gloriousy drunk and recover, but one who drinks whiskey is almost sure to fall into the hands of Billy Hale, if he is in Juneau, or of Jack Hannon, if he is in Sitka. Perhaps it is because of the greater incentive to wild deeds which lurks in the white man's whiskey, perhaps it is only because it is white man's whiskey, that the Indians prefer it. Certain it is that they do, and they strain every nerve to get it, even risking the peril of being caught by Jack Hannon or Billy Hale, which is the worst thing that can befall them.

Most Alaska Indians do not understand anything about legal processes. They know only that if they do certain things certain men will get them. After that there is a pow-wow in a big room where many white men are and where one white man sits on a hig bench and makes the others talk. Sometimes the white men ask

one white man sits on a lig bench and makes the others talk. Sometimes the white men ask the Indians foolish question. After that there is the jail. One Indian never tells another to look out for the law. The warning is to look out for the law. The warning is to look out for Jack Hannon or. Bill Hale. You might explain all day that these men are only Marshal's deputies. It wouldn't make any difference. If an Indian resists either of them the gunboat will come, and soldiers, and it is no use to fight.

Klook knew all about Billy Hale. He knew, too, that if he wasn't very careful about selling his Thoothinoo and whiskey Billy Hale would get him. He didn't understand just why the white men could sell it and not the Indians. That was one of the secrets of the white men. He set about his selling very carefully, and for a long time he was quite successful. Then an accident not at all to be foreseen befell. An Indian in the Rancherie, being very drunk on whiskey, asserted in public that he was a mightier man in war and in deeds of valor than any other man in the Auk village. The challenge was promptly taken up, and after the melée there was need of an Auk burial.

Then came Hilly Hale. There was a patient investigation, for killing may not be done by Indians in Alaska without trouble for the sinyer. Hefore the white men came it was very simple. There was only tribute to pay to the family of the dead, and justice was axisisted. But the white men have ways that are beyond the comprehension of a race that lives in cances. This time Hilly Hale took the slayer, and thee rew was a great meeting in the big house in Juneau. And after that some white men took the Indian away in a great steambook, and the other Indians knew only that he was gone.

After that Billy Hall came back and visited the Bancheries sayin.

and the other indians knew only that he was gone.

After that Billy Hall came back and visited the Rancheric again. There was straight talk with the Auks, and then Wonk, who worked away down in the deepest Treadwell level, and told Klook that a long trip in a cance was a very good thing to take at that season of the year. But Klook had no cance. Besides, he had no desire to paddle. It is hard work, this paddling a big dugount alone across miles of ocean. Even if the course is all inland, and there are no great storms, the long heavy swell that has rolled out of Yokohoma Bay perhaps has gathered a great deal of strength in its trip across the North Pacific, and a cance, even a big one, is a small thing compared to it, although the swell may have been broken by many headlands and twisted and turned by a thousand islands. Then, too, Klook had a little money. The tale of his hoochinoo had been profitable, and he had several pieces of gold. If he liked he could go to Wonk's house. There was a little 10 m up stairs where no one ever went. Billy rale would never think of looking there

The rale of his hoochinoo had been profitable and he had several pieces of gold. If he liked he could go to Wonk's house. There was a little room up stairs where no one ever went. Hilly rale would never think of looking there for him. And in all winter it would not cost more than one of the gold pieces.

So Klook went to live in Wonk's garret. It was a solid old house, built out of logs cut up on the mountain back of Juneau and left to gilde down on the snow at their own sweet will. They were squared of a little and laid down, one on top of another, with notches to hold them steady. The inside had been plastered up with mud once, but most of it had cracked out. The floors were made of broad boards laid down without regard to evenness, and when Klook lay on the floor of his attle room he could look through the big cracks and see about all that was going on in the room below him. But Wonk had never thought of this. Klook lived a long time in Wonk's garret and no one knew of it but Wonk and his wife, who went out every morning to work in the deepest Treadwell level. Billy Hall saked all the old men in the Auk village if they had seen Klook, but they only shook their heads and grunted. Then he avked the young women. But they only langhed, and Billy went back to the Court House and told the Commissioner that Klook had gone away. Klook lay on the floor of the garret in the day time and sometimes at night he went out and stretched his short bow legs by a cramble on the mountains. Once in a while he took a cance ride. Of what use was it for him to inherit from more generations than he could count a pair of long paddle arms and a deep. long-winded chest, if he could not use them once in a while? Billy Hall was strangely anxious to get him. Wonk would tell Klook every little while about Hilly's activity, and then klook would lie still in the garret again for a long time, and Wonk would get a little nearer to the possessir of a gold piece.

One day Klook, lying with his eye at a crack in the floor of his koom, saw that th

After that he put back the rags and packed them all in solidly. Then Wonk and the woman went out.

Klook lay still and thought about what he had seen. He wondered if the woman would come back. It was a long time before he concluded that she had gone to work again with Wonk. There was a lot of gold in the chink, more than he had ever had. It would buy a great deal of whiskey. He could get a canoe on the beach at the Rancherie without any trouble. He didn't like to paddle, but for all that gold he would be willing to do a great deal. Wonk had befriended him, but, after all, how long would it last? When his money was gone Wonk would tell Billy Hall, and then there would be the jail and no money.

Klook went down the ladder that served for stairs to the garret very carefully. Two or three times it creaked, and once he almost ran back. Then he got to the chink and began to pull out the rags. What a lot of them there were! He doubted if he could get them all back. At last, he got the money. Wonk must have kept his pay there for a long time, there was so much of if, and it was all gold. He was sure Wonk or the woman would come back before he gat the rags poked back agaft in the chink. But neither did, and klook ran up the ladder again and lay on the floor of the garret, his heart heating so hard that he fancied that it shook the stoor.

Vonk came back with his wife that night,

sook the floor.
Wonk came back with his wife that night,
Monk came back with his wife that night,
ad Klook hardly dared to breathe until he
aw that they did not examine the chink where
he gold had been. When they went to sleep
he went out for a climb on the mountain. He

went a long way back from Juneau, trying to make up his mind whether to steal a cance or not and run away that night. After a while he came to a little clear space where logs had been cut for a house in the Hancherie. There was one stump that was old and decayed. It stood out from all the test as if beckening to Klook. He ran to it and found it hollow. Up in the top of the hollow there was a piece split off from the dead heart. It was a famous place to hide gold. He hauled Wonk's money out of his pocket and thrust it behind the piece that was split off. Then he turned and ran back to the Hancherie as fast as he could go. The next morning Wonk and the woman went to work just as usual, and Klook slept nearly all day. That night he tried to steal a cance, but he was afraid of being caught. It is dangerous business stealing cances from a people who live on the water, and whose only means of travelling they are. He thought he would wait until he had a better chance. The next night he tried again, and almost ran into Billy Hall going home late from the Flag of All Nations.

The day after that something happened.

means of travelling they are. The next night he tried again, and almost ran into Billy Hall going home late from the Flag of All Nations.

The day after that something happened. Wonk took a fancy to examine the chink before he went to work. Then there was a great outery. Klook heard it and came running down the ladder. Wonk was very angry and the woman was crying. Klook knew bothing about the robbery. He hadn't dreamed that Wonk had any money to hide. No one had been in the house whom he saw, but yesterday he had been asleen most of the day. Once he had been roused by what he thought was a footstep in the room below him: but when he crawled to the top of the ladder and looked down he saw no one. It must have been the thief, and probably it was the noise he made shuting the door that roused Klook.

Wonk went away to work, but the woman stayed and looked all around the house. Somehow it got around the Rancherie that Wonk had been robbed of all the money he had savet. But nobody said anything about Klook. Most of them had forgotten that he was there. When Wonk came home that night he toid the woman that Klook hows to see Hilly Hall. So when 'they left the house in the morning they did not go over to Douglas Island to the big mine. But Klook had stolen the money. In the morning he was going to see Hilly Hall. So when 'they left the house in the morning they did not go over to Douglas Island to the big mine. But Klook hought they did and was sound asleep, without a fear to trouble him, when they came back with Hilly Hall.

Klook was furious at being betrayed. He swore roundly at Wonk in the Auk language, and cursed him by the totems of all the villages in Alaska and by the laws of hospitality that he had broken and by the memory of his children that had died. It was a terrible curse, and with it went the threat that Klook would not work and who could not starve. But Billy Hall laughed and told Klook in the Auk talk that he would go to the big jail at Sitka, under the barracks, and stay there a long time, where the g

A terrible white man sat on the big bench.
He was the one who had sent that other Indian
away in the great steamboat. He snoke to the
white man and to Billy Hale, and then there
was a big talk. After that they put Klook
into a corner at one end of the big bench and a
man asked him questions in the Auk tongue.
"Wastt walok?" [What is your name?] said
the man.

"Wastt walok?" [What is your name?] said the man. Christian, and I belong to the mission." answered Klook. "Before I am seven winters high I have given my heart to Sesus. Ask the white man at the mission. My father was a Christian, too, and belonged to a mission many miles from this mission. I do not know a lie. I cannot tell a lie. A lawas i must tell the truth. My tongue cannot speak a lie. I be the truth. My tongue cannot speak a lie. I be the truth of the mission of the mission of the mission and I belong to the mission. My father belonged to the mission, and he could not tell a lie. This old man says I took his money. It is a lie. I have no money. His heart is not in his body, and he does not belong to the mission. What he says is lies, and the woman of the mission. What he says is lies, and the woman is son. What he says is lies, and the woman long to any mission, and I have given my heart to Jesus before I am seven winters high."

After that Wonk talked, and then the woman. Klook had no heart to give to Jesus; they said he knew only lies. All that he said was lies. If a stole the money while they were my man. Klook had no heart to give to Jesus; they said he knew only lies. All that he said was lies. If a stole the money while they were straight talk. Wonk was his friend, and took only one gold piece for hiding him from Hilly Hall all this time. But klook was a thief and a liar. They had not seen Klook take the money, but who else was there to steal it? That he had to be seen klook take the money but who else was there to steal it? That deep all the stone of the white man was far reaching, but Klook did not steal the money. However, Klook should not go free. There was the matter of the hooethino and the whist star teaching, but Klook did not steal the money. However, Klook should not go free. There was the matter of the hooethino and the whist star heart of the hooethino and the whist star heart of the hooethino and the whist star heart he had a ling the heart he had been to the white men was great hill

JACK WILL HAVE HIS GROG The P. & M.

TRICKS IN THE NATY TO SMUGGLE LIQUOR ABOARD SHIP.

Drinks Concented in Bibles by Churchgoing Sallors and in Louves of Bread by Bumbont Men-Thirst Satisfied on a Brenkwater, and ta the South Sen.

Among the regulations of the United States navy is one which says that no intoxicating liquor of any kind shall be allowed on board ship. This, of course, is absolute prohibition, but another regulation says "only beer and light wines shall be allowed on board," and this might be called an excise law. These opposing regulations are carried out, as all regulations are on board United States ships, with a patriotic endeavor to follow the intention of the department regulations both in letter and spirit. The prohibitory regulation is applied most vigorously to the forward part of the ship, and it is a serious offence for an enlisted man to have liquor of any kind, or even to be suspected of having had a drink. The regulation relative to "beer and light wines" is applied to the after part of the ship, and no license being required and there being no police, the officers' messes interpret it rather liberally. Thus ev-erybody is happy. Each end of the ship has ts own law, and all requirements are satisfied. This state of affairs may seem to a landsman

to be ridiculous, but there is a cause for it. In the old navy, that is, the navy as it existed before and during the civil war, among the officers could be found plenty of three, four, and five bottle men. The men forward were not allowed to have liquor on board ship for their own use, but the difference was made up by issuing grog twice a day, morning and evening. when each man got a drink, called a tot, of half a gill of the best whiskey or rum. The civil war changed all this. During its continuance to be a nulsance, and was condemned by the derful change. The three, four, and five bot-tle men among the officers and the old shellbacks and grog drinkers among the men are about gone, being either dead or pensioned off for age or disability. After the war the Navy Department requested

the views of the commanding officers of all squadrons and of individual ships on the subsquadrons and of individual ships on the subject of grog, and they were also directed to
submit the question to the crews, the department at the same time offering to pay each individual 2½ cents for each drink he did not
get, which, making five cents a day, would
increase his pay \$1.50 a month. In addition
to this, as the grog had been given out in the
early morning before breakfast as a stimulant,
an extra ration of coffee to take its place was
offered to the men. Singular as it may seem,
the officers and men were unanimous to abolish
the grog and take the extra money and coffee.
This continues until the present day, though
for some years the pay list has shown an extra
50 cents a month only for each man, most of
the extra pay having been lost in a general inorease. The men accepted prohibition with
the compensating money and coffee because
they knew they gained by it; they got something for nothing. And besides prohibition
did not prohibit. From that day to this no
liquor of any kind has been allowed on the
forward part of a United States ship, and those
who come from ilberty drunk, or showing signs
of liquor, are severely punished. Now the prohibition that does not prohibit is the life curse
of the officer of the deck. It is his business to
see that no liquor comes on board ship, and
yet it does come on board in spite of him, the
master-at-arms, and all the marine guard.

Whenever the ship is in port on Sunday the
man who never drinks invariably asks for permission to go to church. To show his piety
and to deceive the poor wretched officer of the
deck the man carries a Höble, the larger the
better. He goes ashore and comes back thoroughly sober. Frequently the officer of the
deck who really wishes to encourage this
plous man, will stop him at the gangway and
make inquiries about the sermon to which he
has listened. These pleasant questions answered, the church goer goes forward, and
about an hour later the master-at-arms reports
that there is a drunken man in the forecastle.
The proper aut ject of grog, and they were also directed to submit the question to the crews, the depart-

the Ask miner, had lost something, and the commissioner ast perfect the control of the white use, and Scuado on should come have been some the commissioner ast perfect the control of the white use, and sound to be the commissioner ast perfect the control of the white use, and sound to be the commissioner ast perfect the control of the white was at the commissioner ast perfect the control of the white was at the commissioner ast perfect the white white the white was at the control of the white white was at the control of the white was a three control of the white was a three control of the white was a three was the control of the white was a three was the control of the white was a three was at the control of the white was a three was a three was a three was the control of the white was a three was a thr

EXPERIENCES AND RESULTS OF A LONG STAGE CAREER.

Schaefer Schaefer Brewing Co.'s Special Holiday Brew

Bottled at the Brewery and delivered direct to Families.

Park Ave., 50th to 51st St., New York.

In the some were decidedly drunk, and again came the question. "Where the mischief did they get it?" There they all were on a great stone breakwater four miles from shore surrounded by surging water. Investigation showed that, at each end of the breakwater, on the outer side, facing the sea where no one would suspect such a thing, there was a small wine shop, burrowed deep in the bowels of the earth. The place was maintained for the convenience of the fishermen who piled their vocation thereabouts, and so small and hidden was it, that its existence could hardly be imagined. The men had discovered it, and there was no more drill that day.

When the old Minnesota was in commission as a cruising shin some years ago, she was anchored off the fistery in New York harbor. A boat had been off to land an officer, and, when she came back she remained alongside for a few minutes only. During this short interval an effort was made to get a whole bucket of stuff on board. The officer of the deck discovered the manusure, and ordered the man with the bucket to come up on the bridge.

"Now," said the officer, "go right to the side there and empty that stuff overboard."

Obedient to the command, the man went out to the end of the bridge and ostensibly poured the contents of the bucket into the waier. But there was an old nine-inch gun, one of the main battery, projecting out of a porthole directly under the bridge, and sstride of its muzle was another man with another bucket, and the contents of the bucket above, instead of going overboard, fell with little loss into the bucket of the man below, and were quickly within the ship. The officer, being satisfied that the man had emptied the bucket, gave him a sound reprimand and warned him to look out for himself if he repeated the offence.

"Thank you, sir," said the sailor. Then he went below and took a drink.

Liquor is so

and if packed properly the head can be taken off and a bayonet thrust into it without compelling it to give up its secrete.

A NEW FORKER IN LONDON.

The American Dishes at the Great American Dinner There.

A New Yorker now in London, who attended the American Thanksgiving Day dinner there, has written a letter about it to a friend in this city in which he says:

"That American dinner was a curio. The American dishes at it were more amusing than Artenus Ward's kangaroo. Those of us who ate them had a cans belli against the cockney cooks. The 'succotash' was composed of half-bolied white beans, mixed with coarse hominy, and I can tell you that it recked. I guess that Ambassador Bayard must have heard of it before he fed from London, regardless of his promise that he would preside at the dinner. The other Americana of the occasion which we saw on the table were worse yet, counterfeit in every case. But the American 'pumpkin pie' was the crowning act of British unfriendliness. The 'cuttest Yankee alive would scarce venture to say it wasn't a pie, though it was unlike any pie I ever saw. I am sure that no honest Vermonter from above the 'pie line' could lay his hand upon his American heart and say he believed it bore any resemblance to the pumpkin pie of his nature hills. Why can't these English learn the secrets of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have seeken of the piens to of Americanism' I have se monter from above the 'pie line' could lay his hand upon his American heart and say he believed it bore any resemblance to the pumpkin pie of his native hills. Why can't these English learn the secrets of Americanism? I have spoken of the pie as the crowning horror of the night, and yet it now seems to me like a work of genius, compared with some other American things at our Thanksgiving dinner in London. I was able to give thanks for New England and its pleasant dishes, but never for the stuffing of old England. After sitting at the table for hours I was mad enough to send an ultimatum to England. Meanwhile Ambassador Bayard had left London and gone to some lord's castle up north, where he doubtless enjoyed John Bull's roast beef and old port to the tune of 'He's a jolly good fellow.

"It had been advertised that our Ambassador would preside at the Thanksgiving dinner, but he failed to put in an appearance, as some months previously he had failed to appear at the American independence dinner on the Fourth of July, at which time he was up in Norway. The Americans here were particularly anxious to see him and to hear from him on Thanksgiving Day, and the battalion of us who gave guineas for tickets to the dinner were disappointed. We had wanted the bird of freedom at the festive board.

"I find all kinds of Americans here, including the 'mixed society' kind. Fact is, the American coun's mbassador cannot make it homogeneous. But that genial American hibliophilist, Benjamin Franklin Stevens, known to all Americans in London, as well as to English scholars, makes us all feel like brothern. Hereafter New York's skies will be blue enough for me."

MR. JOHN HARE ON HIS ART.

Digndvantages of a Novitlate on the Stage-

Spectacular Shakespeare and Its Uses-Effect of American Plays in London, The man who wandered by mistake into to in Hare's private drawing room at the Windsor Hotel might not discover from a glance around the apartment that it quartered an em-inent actor. But he would soon find out that the man who lived in it was an Englishman. It takes a strong personality to impress itself on a hotel parlor, even when it is a private one. It's not just apparent what there is about Mr. Hare's room that proclaims so unmistakably that its occupant is a comfortable, well-to-do Briton. Maybe it's the sofa cushions, obviously the property of somebody else than the proprietors of the hotel, the photographs of amfly groups in dark red leather frames, or the sideboard with its orderly array of cigar boxes and bowls of fruit and flowers. The lesk covered with writing materials as care fully arranged as though nobody would think of disturbing them to write a note there, the neat pile of London newspapers, the silver cigarette boxes-all of these contribute their share to an atmosphere that is unmistakably English and comfortable.

And as soon as Mr. Hare comes into the room And as soon as Mr. Hare come into these sur-roundings. The English actor has a number of photographs about town which might lead one to believe that he is a tall man. As a mat ter of fact he is a very short one. He is closely shaven, with his dark hair brushed across his high forehead and parted on one side. A pair of gold eyeglasses dangles on a chain around his neck, a diamond monogram pin surmounted by a coronet is stuck in his dark silk tie, and his feet are encased in patent leather pumps. His manner is deliberate, which is at variance with his nervous, almost fussy gait.

"I am certain there won't be any war be tween America and England," he said to a Sun reporter yesterday, "and a number of friends I have met here have made me realize in a very pleasant way that such a thing was not believed possible by them either. When I left England one Saturday everything was quiet and peaceful, and the only trouble we thought we might have was a war with Turkey. Everything was as quiet the uny be-landed here, but just afterward I found the newspapers full of talk about war. It was then that several friends put me up at their clubs, invited me out to dinner, and did other

clubs, invited me out to dinner, and did other little kindnesses which were meant to show me that I was not among enemies or in a country which was going to war with me. I appreciated it all very much, and I could not help thinking how different it would have been in a country like France or Germany, for instance. But that Monroe doctrine isn't a thing that the people at large know much about anyhow, is it?"

Mr. Hare has had an active experience of thirty years on the stage, and has been during much of that time one of London's actormanagers. Like most Englishmen, he commenced as an amateur, studied his art with Leigh Murray, and became a figure in London theatricals in 1865. His career since that time has been conspicuously associated with the history of the London stage. The Bancrofts, Henry Irving, Toole, the Kendals, and all the eminent English actors have been his companions from time to time, and the reward of acquaintance with the notable men of London, a feature of an actor's success more common there than it is here, has been enjoyed by him to an unusual extent. From the time of the Robertson comedies he has been identified with plays that have been historically successful.

"It's one of the misfortunes of the English

pic I vers aw. I am sure hat no honest' the property of the pr

It is also an excellent bath soap. Two sizes. Sold by all dealers.

Made by RAWORTH, SCHODDE & CO., Chicago. New York Office, 63 Leonard St.

a person would speak, but I tried it and spoke with the same slow drawl that Mr. Herne used in 'Shore Acres.' I was told at the time that it was a very good imitation of an American, although it was a very cheeky thing for me to undertake, and I don't believe that Americans would have enjoyed seeing me try it. One of my first successes when I was a young actor was made in 'Ours,' when I played the part of a Russian officer. I had never seen a Russian officer, but the Prince of Wales congratulated me afterward for my excellent initiation of one. I suppose that it is the actor's art which enables him to innersonate characters of which he knows nothing, but they do not always succeed in doing it.

8ONG WRITERS AS PUBLISHERS,

Baliad Makers Are No Longer Bohemians, but Resemble Western Baukers.

When Joseph Skelly, the brilliant but erratio and improvident ballad composer, died less than one year ago, attention was drawn to the methods which used to prevail among song writers whose compositions became popular. These writers were generally sneaking, either men who secured a precarious livelihood from the product of their pen, or actors who were more often out of than in engagements. Such a

Real Estate Private Sales.

E. A. Crulkshank & Co. have sold for President John H. Rhoades of the Greenwich Savings Bank, the plot 142.10x130.8x142.10x139.10, with old buildings, on the southeast corner of West and Bethune streets; and for John J. Budd, the property adjoining on Bethune street. Extending to a point 81 feet west of Washington; street. The latter plot is 154x142.10 and 159.9 with an 1.20 4x118 and 97.8, fronting on Bank street. The buyer is a corporation, and the price is said to be about \$2.75.000.

William C. Muschenheim, who recently purchased Nos. 32, 34, and is West Thirty-second street, has purchased No. 30 for \$70.000.

C. R. Gregor & Son have sold for Michael Giblin the four-story and basement twenty-foet brown-stone dwelling No. 107 West Sixty night street, and also the three-story and basement dwelling No. 251 West Soventieth street for Seth M. Miliken the vacant plot, 100.5x113, on the northeast corner of Eighty-seventia street and Madison avenue; for George F. Johnson, the vacant plot, 30.11x110, on the southwest corner of 129th street and Fifth avenue.

Real Estate Transfers.

Real Estate Transfers.

146th st. a s. 190.1 w Boulevard, 19.10x99.11
Isabella N Leo to Adelaide Lawson.

184th st. n s. 300 w 11th av, 40x99.11; Her.
man Huge to Luke H. Cutter.

164th st. n s. 15.4 e Grant av, rans n w5x w 2.8
x s e - to beginning; Charlotte C Petterson
to Julius L. Meyle.

140th st. w s. 205 s e Robbins av, 25x80; Patrick Havey and wife to Margaret Meade.
Eldridge st. c s. 75.3 s Stanton st. 31.2x88.6;
Ellen Musgrave to Wm S Munn.

25th st. n s. 155 w Central Park West, 25x
160; Charlotte A Hamilton and ano, trustee, to Charlotte A Hamilton.

4,000
4,000
4,000
4,000
51st st. n s. 356 e lst av, 25x102.9; Heinrich 47th at, 26 West; Louis F Massa to Ellen Mus-grave.
81st st. ns. 356.6 e 1st av. 25x102.9; Heinrich Jungk and wife to Juliana Knorzer.
117th at, ns. 90 w Park av. 50x100.11; Chas C Sanders, serferce, to Win J Cunningham.
114th at, 77 East; Max Hohn and wife to Mar-garetha Gunkel.
Bathgate av. w s. 185.5 n 17th at, 25x104.9; Herrictta C Schreeder to Adeia Le Vinesac. Bryant at, cs. 30.11 s Freeman st. 20x100.x Irreg. Robert Pickens and wife to W E Burby.

Same property; W E Buzby and wife to Chas H Beatcher. H Beatcher

Anthony av, n w cor Berry at, 23,2x02,10x22
x100; Alian M Holder to W E Buzby
Bathgate av, ws, 185.5 n 170th st, 25x104.0;
Adele Le Vinesse to Isabel Fawcett
Lot 53, map propert of St. Haight; Jefferson
M Lawron John (1 Parker

M Levy to John G Parker.

Bitconden Montgages.

Boleman, Sarah, to the Emigrant Industrial
Savings Bink, a 43d st, 340 e 8th av. 1 yr.

Boatcher Chas H, and wife to N Y Building
man st, Induling Co. e 8 Bryant st, 38, 10 s Free
man st, Induling M. J. to Cornelius F Kings
land, trus. n s 117th st, 90 w Park av. 2
morts, 5 yrs.

Same to Mary McManus, n s 117th st, 115.6 w
Park av, unstalls. Same to Martha E. Walte, n s 117th st, 90 w Fark av, in stalls. Same to Thos J L McManus, n s 117th st, 90 w Fark av, 6 mos. 2.053 Park av. 6 mos.

Same to Martha E. Waite, n. s. 117th. st., 90 w.

Park av. demand.

Same to Hester M.Coy, n. s. 117th. st., 115.6 w.

Park av. demand.

Dugliss, Chas H. and wife to Henry Noll, n. s.

70th. st., 105 e. Sd. av. 2 yrs.

Pleischmann, Julius, and wife to Charles P.

Curtis et al, trustees, w. s. Madison av. 20, 10

s. 113th. st., 5 yrs.

Gunkel, Margaretha, to Henri Strasbourger,
n. s. 114th. st., 130 w. Park av., 1 yr.

Johnson, John H. and wife to J. Friedrich
Hooga, s. s. Central av. adj land of Irene A.

Hepfaira, City Island, 5 yrs.

King, Henrietta I. et al., trustees, s.c., 10 the

torcenwich savings Blank, 180 to 148 West
Houston, st. av. 174-86 Macdougal st., and

other prop. 1356 months.

Ledwith, Joseph M. and wife to Title Guar

Ledwith, Joseph M. and wife to Title Guar

and Frust Co., s. w. cor 9th av and 44th st.,

1850. 1,500

Ledwith, Joseph M. and wife to Hills Guar and Trust Co, s w cor 9th av and 44th st, 1900. Anna E, to Judson S Todd, s s Lyon av, 1900. Anna E, to Judson S Todd, s s Lyon av, 1900. Anna E, to Judson S Todd, s s Lyon av, 1900. Anna E, to Judson S Todd, s s Lyon av, 1900. Anna E, to Judson S Todd, s s Lyon av, 1900. Note of the State of the State of the 1900. Note of the State of the State of the 1900. Same to Sophia J Torrance, n s 136th st, 575 e Willis av, 3 yrs. Lawson, Adelaide and Daniel D, to Isabella N Leo, s s 146th st 1901. w Boulevard, 3 mos. Munn. Wm S, to Ellen Musgrave, 214 and 216 Eldridge st, 1 yr. McGuire, Enuma L, and Frank A, to Wm J Schliesmann, es Lexington av, 40.5 s 54th st, 631, 4 mos. Power, David J, to Julia Wilson, n s 40th st, 80 e 7th av, 1 yr.

Senp- of AMAPETEIN. A Gift

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THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO.

than one year ago, attention was drawn to the more often out of than in engagements. Such a writer would, when pressed by want, compose a ballad, pathetic or comic, and offer it for sale to a publisher of music for, usually, a stated sum to be paid down, on which the writer would live for a time. If the song proved to be a great success the writer would bewail his unfortunate tate and the publisher would be very much elated over his business acumen in buying the song outright. If it proved, as was often the case, a failure, a drug on the market, a neglected melody, then the composer would think that he had nothing to repine about, and the publisher would yow never again to buy an untried ballad for cash. The song writers of other days were of Bohemian disposition and generally improvident ways. They would defer the writing of a song until necessity compelled

untried ballad for cash. The song writers of other days were of Bohemian disposition and generally improvident ways. They would defer the writing of a song until necessity compelled them to go to work, and though many popular and attractive melodies were written under this spur, it tended to make the work of ballad compusers irregular and uneven, so that their failures outnumbered their successes, and it sometimes happened that what were failures to them, in a pecuniary way, proved great successes to those who utilized their composition.

Now all this is changed. The American ballad writer of to-day is no longer a Bohemian, dependent upon the good will, cupidity, or necessities of a music publisher, but he is himmore the composition of the composition of the composition of upper Broadway, north of Twenty-seventh street, which is now the actor's Kialto, replacing the neighborhood of the old Metropolitan Hotel, north of Prince street, and the Union square in this respect, the music publishing houses of American song writers are to be found, and here these composers sell at their own risk their favorite compositions. The method of introducing to the public is simple but effective. When a ballad writer has computed a song he takes it usually better the usually and the latter arranges to republication. Then the composer advertises that he has copies of such a song for sale, but that copies will be furnished free or at a nominal sum to accredited professional singers. These singers, being always in quest of something new, are glad to get a song from a composer of renown, especially if they get it free, or perhaps for five or ten cents. It is submitted to the musical conductor of the composer, the actual cost of printing is insignificant, and as the author-publisher has no royalty to pay, what he receives from the sale of his supers. The second of the composer of printing is insignificant, and as the author-publisher has no royalty to pay, what he receives from the sale of his without the aid of the professional shore

The List of Referees. These referees were appointed in cases in the State courts in this city last week: SUPERME COURT.

By Judge Beekman. Cases. Referres.
Matter of Pianophone Co. Referres.
Matter of Pianophone Co. George W. Messites.
Sinuth agt. Murphy George Landon.
Matter of Shaara M. Co. Lower Landon.
Faine agt. Myers. Landon.
Morsell agt. Morsell. Lawrence Godden. Matter of Planophone Co.
Simth agt Murphy
Matter of Niagara M Co.
Faine agt Myers
Morsell agt Morsell
Matter of French
Laderwood agt Chambers
Van Vieck agt. Dickle
Hinn agt. Hom. James J. Sealis.
Lawrence Godkin.
Lewis L. Devatield.
David B. Ogden.
William H. Willia.
S. L. H. Ward.
William Allen. bins agt Andrews. Insen agt Goodwin arus agt Lazarus. S. L. H. Ward.
William Allen.
William Allen.
Withur Larremore.
Albert Stickney.
Hamilton Odenl.
Janiel O'Connell.
Peter B. Olney.
Francis D. Hoyt.
David Provost.
Lawrence Golkin.
Lewis L. Delafield. Aiden sgf. Aiden Matter of St. Nicholas Bank Midderrock agt. Parsons Lawten sgf. Lawton Matter of Tablet & Co. De Hart agt. Del Donno. Matter of Hyde. Callery agt. Westphal Ferris agt. Casey
By Judge Ingraham.
Willia ...John H. Judge.

Peck agt. Peck. William H. Willis. Maurhofer agt. Mitth scht ... Lawrence Godzin By Judge Patterson. Ely agt. Ross William G. Davies.
Renedict agt. Arnoux William G. Davies.
People Rc., Manhattan Elevated
Raitway Co. agt. Marker Lawrence Godkin.
Ey Van Revent, P. J.: Clirien and Follet, J. J.

Guta an agt. N. Y. El. Hy. Co... Thomas P. Wickes. By Judge Giegerich.

SUPERIOR COURT. By Judge Dugro.

Brandt agt. Hartens James M. Varnum, bulles agt. Kerr.
Cahn agt. American Looking glass Manufacturing Co. Frederick P. Delafick Bauerdorf agt. Vix. Thomas J. Purdy.